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NOVEMBER.

This is the treacherous month when autumn days
With summer's voice come bearing summer's gifts,
Beguiled, the pale down-trodden aster lifts
Her head and blooms again. The soft, warm haze
Makes moist once more the sere and dusty ways,
And, creeping through where dead leaves lie in drifts,
The violet returns. Snow noiseless sifts.
Ere night, an icy shroud, which morning's rays
Will idly shine upon and slowly melt,
Too late to bid the violet live again.
The treachery, at last, too late, is plain;
Bare are the places where the sweet flower's dwelt.
What joy sufficient hath November felt?
What profit from the violet's day of pain?

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL-MASTER.

The truth was, that District No. 1, Pigwacket Center, had had a good deal of trouble of late with its school-masters. The committee had done their best, but there were a number of well-grown and pretty rough young fellows who had got the upper hand of the masters, and meant to keep it. Two dynasties had fallen before this fierce democracy. This was a thing that used to be not very uncommon; but in so intelligent a community as that of Pigwacket Center, in an era of public libraries and lyceum-lectures, it was portentous and alarming.

The rebellion began under the ferule of Master Weeks, a slender youth from a country college, under-fed, thin-blooded, sloping-shouldered, knock-kneed, straight-haired, weak-bearded, pale-eyed, wide pupilled, half-colored; a common type enough in in-door races, not rich enough to pick and choose in their alliances. Nature kills off a good many of this sort in the first teething-time, a few in later

childhood, a good many again in early adolescence; but every now and then one runs the gauntlet of her various diseases, or rather forms of one disease, and grows up, as Master Weeks had done.

It was a very foolish thing for him to try to inflict personal punishment on such a lusty young fellow as Abner Briggs, junior, one of the "hardest customers" in the way of a rough-and-tumble fight that there were anywhere round. No doubt he had been insolent, but it would have been better to overlook it. It pains me to report the events which took place when the master made his rash attempt to maintain his authority. Abner Briggs, junior, was a great, hulking fellow, who had been bred to butchering, but urged by his parents to attend school, in order to learn the accomplishments of reading and writing, in which he was sadly deficient. He was in the habit of talking and laughing pretty loud in school-hours, of throwing wads of paper reduced to a pulp by a natural and easy process, of occasional insolence and general negligence. One of the soft, but unpleasant missiles just alluded to, flew by the master's head one morning, and flattened itself against the wall, where it adhered in the form of a convex mass in *alto rilievo*. The master looked around and saw the young butcher's arm in an attitude which pointed to it unequivocally as the source from which the projectile had taken its flight.

Master Weeks turned pale. He must "lick" Abner Briggs, junior, or abdicate. So he determined to lick Abner Briggs, junior.

"Come here, sir!" he said; "you have insulted me and outraged the decency of the school-room often enough! Hold out your hand!"

The young fellow grinned and held it out. The master struck at it with his black ruler, with a will in the blow and a snapping in the eyes, as much as to say that he meant to make him smart this time. The young fellow pulled his hand back as the ruler came down, and the master hit himself a vicious blow with it on the right knee. There are things no man can stand. The master caught the refractory youth by the collar and began shaking him, or rather shaking himself against him.

"Le' go o' that are coat, naow," said the fellow, "or I'll make ye! 'T'll take tew on ye t' handle me, I tell ye, 'n' then ye caant dew it!"—and the young pupil returned the master's attention by catching hold of *his* collar.

When it comes to that, the *best man*, not exactly in the moral sense, but rather in the material, and more especially the muscular point of view, is very apt to have the best of it, irrespectively of the merits of the case. So it happened now. The unfortunate school-master found himself taking the measure of the sanded floor, amidst the general uproar of the school. From that moment his ferule was broken, and the school-committee very soon had a vacancy to fill.

Master Pigeon, the successor of Master Weeks, was of better stature, but loosely put together and slender-limbed. A dreadfully nervous kind of man he was, walked on tiptoe, started at sudden noises, was distressed when he heard a whisper, had a quick, suspicious look, and was always saying, "Hush!" and putting his hands to his ears. The boys were not long in finding out this nervous weakness, of course. In less than a week a regular system of torments was inaugurated, full of the most diabolical malice and ingenuity. The exercises of the conspirators varied from day to day, but consisted mainly of foot-scraping, solos on the slate-pencil (making it *screech* on the slate), falling of heavy books, attacks of coughing, banging of desk-lids, boot-creaking, with sounds as of drawing a cork from time to time, followed by suppressed chuckles.

Master Pigeon grew worse and worse under these inflictions. The rascally boys always had an excuse for any one trick they were caught at. "Couldn' help coughin', sir." "Slipped out o' m' han', sir." "Didn' go to, sir." "Didn' dew 't o' purpose, sir." And so on,—always the best of reasons for the most outrageous of behavior. The master weighed himself at the grocer's on a platform balance, some ten days after he began keeping the school. At the end of a week he weighed himself again. He had lost two pounds. At the end of another week he had lost five. He made a little calculation, based on these data, from which he learned that in a certain number of months, going on at this rate, he should come to weigh precisely nothing at all; and as this was a sum in subtraction he did not care to work out in practice, Master Pigeon took to himself wings and left the school-committee in possession of a letter of resignation and a vacant place to fill once more.

This was the school to which Mr. Bernard Langdon found himself appointed as master. He accepted the place conditionally, with the understanding that he should leave it at the end of a month, if he were tired of it.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Center created a

much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good way all the world over, and though there were several good looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "hahnsome mahn," that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant fellow, with the natural air which grows up with carefully-bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant of the old Flynt family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flynt (see Cat. Harv. Anno 1693), had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which had had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled with it, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks and to high spirit, warm complexion, and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The soft curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited,—something, perhaps of the high spirit; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by. But the long sermons and the frugal board of his Brahmin ancestry, with his own habits of study, had told upon his color, which was subdued to something more of delicacy than one would care to see in a young fellow with rough work before him. This, however, made him look more interesting, or, as the young ladies at Major Bush's said, "interestin'."

When Mr. Bernard showed himself at meeting, on the first Sunday after his arrival, it may be supposed that a good many eyes were turned upon the young school-master. There was something heroic in his coming forward so readily to take a place which called for a strong hand, and a prompt, steady will to guide it. In fact, his position was that of a military chieftain on the eve of a battle. Everybody knew everything in Pigwacket Center; and it was an understood thing that the young rebels meant to put down the new master, if they could. It was natural that the two prettiest girls in the village, called in the local dialect, as nearly as our limited alphabet will represent it, Alminy Cutterr, and Arvilly Braowne, should feel and express an interest in the good looking stranger, and that, when their flattering comments were repeated in the hearing of their indigenous admirers, among whom were some of the older "boys" of the school, it should not add to the amiable dispositions of the turbulent youth.

Monday came, and the new school-master was in his chair at the upper end of the school-house, on the raised platform. The

rustics looked at his handsome face, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round the lips and proudly lighted about the eyes. The ringleader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher who has before figured in this narrative, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable, whenever he found the large, dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set, gray ones. But he managed to study him pretty well,—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt of his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough, that, though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something besides size that goes to make a man; and he had heard stories of a fighting man, called “The Spider,” from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible hitter in the ring, and had whipped many a big limbed fellow, in and out of the roped-arena.

Nothing could be smother than the way in which everything went on for the first day or two. The new master was so kind and courteous, he seemed to take everything in such a natural, easy way, that there was no chance to pick a quarrel with him. He in the meantime thought it best to watch the boys and young men for a day or two with as little show of authority as possible. It was easy enough to see that he would have occasion for it before long.

The school-house was a grim, old, red, one-story building, perched on a bare rock at the top of a hill,—partly because this was a conspicuous site for the temple of learning, and partly because land is cheap where there is no chance even for rye or buckwheat, and the very sheep find nothing to nibble. About the little porch were carved initials and dates, at various heights, from the stature of nine to that of eighteen. Inside were old unpainted desks,—unpainted, but browned with the umber of human contact,—and hacked by innumerable jack-knives. It was long since the walls had been whitewashed, as might be conjectured by the various traces left upon them, wherever idle hands or sleepy heads could reach them. A curious appearance was noticeable on various higher parts of the wall, namely, a wart-like eruption, as one would be tempted to call it, being in reality a crop of the soft missiles before mentioned,

which, adhering in considerable numbers, and hardening after the usual fashion of *papier mache*, formed at last permanent ornaments of the edifice.

The young master's quick eye soon noticed that a particular part of the wall was most favored with these ornamental appendages. Their position pointed sufficiently clearly to the part of the room they came from. In fact there was a nest of young mutineers just there, which must be broken up by a *coup d'etat*. This was easily effected by redistributing the seats and arranging the scholars according to classes, so that a mischievous fellow, charged full of the rebellious imponderable, should find himself between two non-conductors, in the shape of small boys of studious habits. It was managed quietly enough, in such a plausible sort of way that its motive was not thought of. But its effect was soon felt; and then began a system of correspondence by signs, and the throwing of little scrawls done up in pellets, and announced by preliminary *a'h'ms!* to call the attention of the distant youth addressed. Some of these were incendiary documents, devoting the school-master to the lower divinities, as "a —— stuck-up dandy," as "a —— purse-proud aristocrat," as "a —— sight too big for his, etc.," and holding him up in a variety of equally forcible phrases to the indignation of the youthful community of School District No. 1, Pigwacket Center.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the school-master's name. An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long, pointed swallow-tailed coat showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any actual human aspect of the time. But it was passed around among the boys and made its laugh, helping of course to undermine the master's authority, as "Punch" or the "Charivari" takes the dignity out of an obnoxious minister. One morning, on going to the school-room, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket, and entered the school-room. An insidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently

plotting, and more than once the warning *a'h'm!* was heard, and a dirty little wad of paper rolled into a wad shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-funnel, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no *immediate* notice.

He should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First he buckled the strap of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned,—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl,—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulder like an epaulette,—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm.—or the hard-knotted *biceps*,—any of the great sculptural land-marks, in fact,—you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old-fashioned ceiling, and lift and lower himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself. Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said; "not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as if determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old veneered bureau. First he squeezed it with his two hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The springs creaked and cracked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed and looked at his cleanly-shaped arms. "If I strike one of those boobies I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when

weighed with his class at the college, could barely turn one hundred and forty-two pounds in the scale,—not a heavy-weight, surely; but some of the middle-weights, as the present English champion, for instance, seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

The master took his breakfast with a good appetite that morning, but was perhaps rather more quiet than usual. After breakfast he went up-stairs and put on a light loose frock, instead of that which he commonly wore, which was a close-fitting and rather stylish one. On his way to school he met Alminy Cutterr, who happened to be walking in the other direction. “Good morning, Miss Cutter,” he said; for she and another young lady had been introduced to him, on a former occasion, in the usual phrase of polite society in presenting ladies to gentlemen,—“Mr. Langdon, let me make y’ acquainted with Miss Cutterr;—let me make y’ acquainted with Miss Braowne.” So he said, “Good morning;” to which she replied, “Good mornin’, Mr. Langdon. Aaow’s your haalth?” The answer to this question ought naturally to have been the end of the talk; but Alminy Cutterr lingered and looked as if she had something more on her mind.

A young fellow does not require a great experience to read a simple country girl’s face as if it were a signboard. Alminy was a good soul, with red cheeks and bright eyes, kind hearted as she could be, and it was out of the question for her to hide her thoughts or feelings like a fine lady. Her bright eyes were moist and her red cheeks were paler than their wont, as she said, with her lips quivering, “Oh, Mr. Langdon, them boys ’ll be the death of ye, if ye don’t take caar!”

“Why, what’s the matter, my dear?” said Mr. Bernard. Don’t think there was anything very odd in that “my dear,” at the second interview with a village belle; some of these women-tamers call a girl “my dear,” after five minutes’ acquaintance, and it sounds all right *as they say it*. But you had better not try it at a venture.

It sounded all right to Alminy, as Mr. Bernard said it. “I’ll tell ye what’s the mahtterr,” she said, in a frightened voice. “Ahbner’s go’n’ to car’ his dog, ’n’ he’ll set him on ye ’z sure ’z y’ ’r alive. ’T ’s the same cretur that haaf eat up Eben Squires’s little Jo, a year come nex’ Faast day.”

Now this last statement was undoubtedly over-colored; as little Jo Squires was running about the village, with an ugly scar on his

arm, it is true, where the beast had caught him with his teeth, on the occasion of the child's taking liberties with him, as he had been accustomed to do with a good tempered Newfoundland dog, who seemed to like being pulled and hauled round by children. After this the creature was commonly muzzled, and, as he was fed on raw meat chiefly, was always ready for a fight,—which he was occasionally indulged in, when anything stout enough to match him could be found in any of the neighboring villages.

Tiger, or, more briefly, Tige, the property of Abner Briggs, junior, belonged to a species not distinctly named in scientific books, but well known to our country folks under the name, "Yallah dog." They do not use this expression as they would say *black* dog or *white* dog, but with almost as definite a meaning as when they speak of a terrier or spaniel. A "yallah dog" is a large canine brute, of a dingy old-flannel color, of no particular breed except his own, who hangs round a tavern or a butcher's shop, or trots alongside of a team, looking as if he were disgusted with the world, and the world with him. Our inland population, while they tolerate him, speak of him with contempt. Old —, of Meredith Bridge, used to twit the sun for not shining on cloudy days, swearing, that, if he hung up his "yallah dog," he would make a better show of daylight. A country fellow, abusing a horse of his neighbor's, vowed, that, "if he had such a hoss, he'd swap him for a 'yallah dog,' and then shoot the dog."

Tige was an ill-conditioned brute by nature, and art had not improved him by cropping his ears and tail and investing him with a spiked collar. He bore on his person, also, various not ornamental scars, marks of old battles; for Tige had fight in him, as was said before, as might be guessed by a certain bluntness about the muzzle, with a projection of the lower jaw, which looked as if there might be a bull-dog stripe among the numerous bar-sinisters of his lineage.

It was hardly fair, however, to leave Alminy Cutterr waiting while this piece of natural history was telling. As she spoke of little Jo, who had been "haaf eat up" by Tige, she could not contain her sympathies, and began to cry.

"Why, my dear little soul," said Mr. Bernard, "what are you worried about? I used to play with a *bear* when I was a boy; and the bear used to hug me, and I used to kiss him, —so!"

It was too bad of Mr. Bernard, only the second time he had

seen Alminy; but her kind feelings had touched him, and that seemed the most natural way of expressing his gratitude. Alminy looked round to see if anybody was near; she saw nobody, so of course it would do no good to "holler." She saw nobody, but a stout young fellow, leading a yellow dog, muzzled, saw *her* through a crack in a picket fence, not a great way off the road. Many a year he had been "hangin' 'raound" Alminy, and never did he see any encouraging look, or hear any "Behave naow!" or "Come, naow, a'n't ye 'shamed?" or other forbidding phrase of acquiescence, such as village belles understand as well as ever did the nymph who fled to the willows in the eclogue we all remember.

No wonder he was furious, when he saw the school-master, who had never seen the girl until within a week, touching with his lips those rosy cheeks which he had never dared to approach. But that was all; it was a sudden impulse; and the master turned away from the young girl laughing, and telling her not to fret herself about him, —he would take care of himself.

So Master Langdon walked on toward his school-house, not displeased, perhaps, with his little adventure, nor immensely elated by it; for he was one of the natural class of the sex-subduers and had had many a smile without asking, which had been denied to the feeble youth who try to win favor by pleading their passion in rhyme, and even to the more formidable approaches of young officers in volunteer companies, considered by many to be quite irresistible to the fair who have once beheld them from their windows in the epaulettes and plumes and sashes of the "Pigwacket Invincibles," or the "Hackmatack Rangers."

Master Langdon took his seat and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and surly. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half-past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yallah dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he was considering which was the plumpiest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" The master spoke as the

captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers, when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him aout y'rself, 'f ye a'n't afeard on him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the devilish instincts of his old wolf-ancestry looked out of his eyes, and flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth and deep red gullet.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox-cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So while one is lifting a stick to strike or drawing back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at single-stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpracticed persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said, fiercely,—and explained what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like the springing a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so by surprise, that it curled him up in an instant, and he went bundling out of the open school-house door with a most pitiable yelp, and the stump of his tail shut down as close as his owner ever shut the short, stubbed blade of his jack-knife.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

"Follow your dog, Abner Briggs!" said Master Langdon.

The stout butcher youth looked round, but the rebels were all cowed and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said, "'n' I guess I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of

gold sleeve buttons, once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth, famous in the Old French War.

Abner Briggs, junior, did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate; for he rose up in his place, and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode towards him. The master knew the fellow was really frightened, for all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught him suddenly by the collar, and, with one great pull, had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards and stood looking at him.

The rough-and-tumble fighters all *clinch*, as everybody knows; and Abner Briggs, junior, was one of that kind. He remembered how he had floored Master Weeks, and he had just spunk enough left in him to try to repeat his former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, open-handed, to clutch him. So the master had to strike,—once, but very hard, and just in the place to tell. No doubt, the authority that doth hedge a school-master added to the effect of the blow; but the blow itself was a neat one, and did **not** require to be repeated.

“Now go home,” said the master, “and don’t let me see you or your dog here again.” And he turned his cuffs down over the gold sleeve-buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Center school rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got “riled,” as they called it? In a week’s time everything was reduced to order, and the school committee were delighted. The master, however, had received a proposition so much more agreeable and advantageous, that he informed the committee he should leave at the end of his month, having in his eye a sensible and energetic young college graduate who would be willing and fully competent to take his place.

So, at the expiration of the appointed time, Bernard Langdon, late master of the School District No. 1, Pigwacket Center, took his departure from that place for another locality, carrying with him the regrets of the committee, of most of the scholars, and of several young ladies; also two locks of hair, sent “unbeknown to payrents,” one dark and one warmish auburn, inscribed with the respective initials of Alminy Cutterr and Arvilly Braowne.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN “ELSIE VENNER.”

THE RISE OF SCHOLASTICISM.

[A paper prepared by Murray King and James Osterman for class in History of Pedagogy.]

Scholasticism was an abstract and speculative philosophy that dominated European thought from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth century; it was a fusion of Christianity and Aristotelian logic and made an effort to reconcile revelation and reason, faith and philosophy. It had for its materials the dogmatic theology of the church, the scanty principles of Greek philosophy and the truths which it could derive from argument. It gave most hopeful promise of what was to be, but the new spirit had as yet so little to build upon, and was so dwarfed and overshadowed by tradition and authority, that it could survive and display itself only as earnest and eager effort.

Scholasticism did not gain prominence till the eleventh century, but the issues upon which it was based are nearly as old as Christianity itself. The early fathers delighted to point out the agreement of doctrines flowing from the principles of Christianity and those of Greek philosophy. Clement, one of the earliest and most distinguished teachers, said: "The Mosaic law and heathen philosophy do not stand in direct opposition to each other, but are related like fragments of a single truth, like the pieces, as it were, of a shattered whole. Both prepared the way, but in a different manner, for Christianity."

For a long time it was asserted that a correspondence between faith and reason exists; but by degrees as one dogma after another of a mysterious and unintelligible kind was introduced, and matters of belief could be no longer co-ordinated with conclusions of understanding, it became necessary to force the latter into a subordinate position, even by civil power; so that in the reign of Constantine the Great, philosophical discussions of religious things came to be discountenanced, and implicit faith in the decisions of existing authority required. Philosophy was subjugated and enslaved by theology. We may now trace the circumstances of its revolt.

The dictum of the church limited the monk's researches to self-examination. To those who had become weary of this, there was every inducement to enter on the contemplation of the external world,—an occupation capable of worthily exercising their acuteness. But authority stood in the way, leaving only two alternatives,—stealthy proceeding or open mutiny; before open rebellion, comes silent contemplation and then private discussion. Thus as

early as the Ninth century the German monk, Gotschalk, was imprisoned and put to death for the sake of his opinion on predestination. The Saracens in Spain encouraged this spirit by offering protection to those holding independent ideas; Abelard himself contemplated a retreat among the Saracens.

In these conflicts was foreshadowed the attempt to set up reason against authority. A crisis must come. But the monks were unwilling either to break entirely away from the mother church or give up their pet theories. What thing was the most desirable?—a compromise.

John Erigena, who had made a pilgrimage to the birth-places of Plato and Aristotle, A. D. 825, indulged the hope of uniting philosophy and religion in a manner already proposed by ecclesiastics who were studying in Spain.

Thus originated the Scholastic Idea, which two centuries later was to spread its power, for good or evil, over every department of European learning, and which, moreover, was to determine the very methods of instruction, the very cast of thought,—called Scholasticism, because it originated in scholastic institutions (monasteries), and never entirely separated itself from them,—in short, a verbal philosophy taken from books mouthed by pedagogues, -- books whose issue was syllogistic subtleties, not truths.

Now let us trace the development of this doctrine up to the time when it enters into the general practice of pedagogy,—or in other words, to the period known as the rise of Scholastic Philosophy.

This preparatory period embraces the distinguished names of Erigena, Gerbert of Aurillac (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.), Barenarius of Tours, and Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Let us not suppose that this compromise was effected at a single bound. Even Erigena, its promoter, rushed to the extreme of independent thinking to the extent of advocating Pantheism and other oriental ideas, thus bringing upon himself the indignation of the church. Transubstantiation,* the least reconcilable to reason, was the first to be attacked by the new philosophers.

The greatest blow against dogmatic authority was struck when

*The doctrine held by Roman Catholics that the bread and wine of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper are, after being blessed, not bread and wine, but the real flesh and blood of Christ, according to a literal interpretation of Christ's saying, "This is my body, take, eat, etc."

in 1050 Barenarius of Tours advocated that transubstantiation is not a material but a spiritual change. Pope Gregory VII. privately adopted this doctrine.

Now appears that great genius, Abelard, the most influential character of the age, declaring for reason against authority. By the force of his eloquence and teaching he gathered more than twenty thousand students around him at the University of Paris, and for awhile carried all before him. No subject was too profound or too sacred for his contemplation.

The controversy up to Abelard's time had not been in vain; the representative of the opposition element in the main were men of sincere religious convictions; hence, under the combined influence of their religious desires, their fondness for classic philosophy, the individual notions which they felt bound to support, and the formidable instrument with which they were wont to support them,—the Aristotelian Syllogism,—under these influences Scholasticism had really attained its form and methods, but it was not till the time of Abelard that it embraced comprehensive systems of thought. This consummation is known in history as the Rise of Scholastic Philosophy and takes its issue in Nominalism and Realism about 1150 A. D., when Roscelin opened up the question concerning universal conceptions.

The Realists thought that the general types of things had a real existence; the Nominalists that they were merely a mental abstraction expressed by a word. It was the old Greek dispute revived, and ended in a victory for the Realists. The desired compromise had by no means as yet been attained. The schoolmen stood defiantly for reason against dogma and piled-up endless volumes of syllogistic arguments to support their views. The church tried to crush this spirit by the sheer weight of authority and civil power, but the Papacy found no mean power to contend with. Around the centers of learning, notably Paris, this new movement had gained ground, drawing under its influence the greatest thinkers of the age. Two great causes contributed to the growth of this influence: (1.) The dreadful materialism into which, in Europe, all sacred things had fallen, and (2.) the illustrious example of the Mohamedans, who already by their physical inquiries had commenced a career destined to end in brilliant results.

The politic Italian statesmen apprehended the danger and determined to turn it into a source of protection. Thus Scholastic

Philosophy became Scholastic Theology. They sought out of the strange union of the Holy Scriptures, the Aristotelian philosophy, and Pantheism, to construct a scientific basis for Christianity. Heresy was to be combatted with the very weapons of the heretic, viz., Pagan philosophy, aided by a co-ordination of reason and authority.

Under such auspices Scholastic Philosophy pervaded the schools, giving to some of them, as the University of Paris, a fictitious reputation and leading to the founding of similar institutions in other cities. In fact no educational system in Europe was so insignificant as to escape its influence. This was about the Thirteenth century.

This was the height of scholasticism; under the combined patronage of religion and philosophy it countenanced no opposition. The greatest of the schoolmen appeared in this century. Among them were Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus. The most eminent of these was Thos. Aquinas, who was called the "Angel of the Schools." He was the strongest champion of medieval orthodoxy. His remarkable work entitled the "Summa Theologica," outlines and defends the whole scheme of Roman Catholic Theology.

It would be well to examine more closely the work of this age, as it is the culminating period of scholasticism. Taine says:

"They constructed monstrous books by multitudes, cathedrals of syllogism, of unheard-of architecture, of prodigious exactness, heightened in effect by intensity of intellectual power, which the whole sum of human labor has only twice been able to match."

How vain was this wonderful display of activity! The compromise was only seemingly real. The reconciliation was a signal victory for theology. From the very nature of theology its tenets are supposed to be infallible,—the absolute revelations of God; therefore the function of philosophy was not supposed to extend in the direction of acquiring truth but of sorting, systematizing, and defending theology. Hence the expression: *Philosophia theologiae ancilla*. (Philosophy is the handmaid of theology.)

But in the exercise of this function they had not, as we today have, the broad field of investigation of natural laws and conditions, but were limited to the employment of the all but worthless syllogistic speculation, made up of hyperlogical, hair-splitting distinctions. Let us examine a few questions which they discussed:

"Can God cause, the place and body being retained, that the

body shall have no position, that is, existence in place? Why the three persons together (Trinity) are not greater than one alone? Whether Christ was slain by himself or by another? Whether the dove in which the Holy Ghost appeared was a real animal? Whether a glorified body can occupy one and the same place at the same time as another glorified body? Whether in the state of innocence all children are masculine? Duns Scotus distinguishes three kinds of matter,—matter which is firstly first, secondly first, and thirdly first. According to him we must clear this triple hedge of thorny abstractions in order to understand the production of a sphere of brass." Such were the ideas mooted by the schoolmen. What truth could issue thence?

Lord Bacon described the real nature of scholasticism in a passage which cannot be too often quoted in this connection. He says: "This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign among the schoolmen, who, having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading; but their wits being shut up in the books of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator) as their persons were shut up in cells of monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history either of nature or time,—did, out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it worketh upon matter, worketh according to the stuff and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless and brings forth, indeed, cobwebs of learning admirable for its fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

To hold up certain absurdities of scholasticism to ridicule as has sometimes been done, as if they indicated the real character of the system, is to furnish good evidence of one's narrowness of mind. Not merely did scholasticism make important contributions to one side of civilization,—speculative theology and philosophy,—but even its supposed absurdities had meaning. To debate the question whether an angel can pass from one point to another without passing through the intermediate space, is to debate the question whether a pure being is conditioned by space. Very likely such a question cannot be answered, but if there is to be a system of speculative philosophy at all it must consider such questions in some form, and they can hardly be called absurd.

EDITORIALS.

NEED OF A STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Concerted educational movement within state lines must strike every teacher as a pressing need, if from no other argument than the general truism, "In union there is strength." This maxim becomes doubly effective if we contemplate its opposite. In some departments of human activity, we may merely assert, "In want of union there is not strength," but in the management of schools, no middle ground expresses the truth. So interdependent are educational efforts that we must confess, "In want of union there is weakness and confusion." The beginnings of an educational system may not inaptly be compared with the first rude markings of the drainage of a new country. At first petty lakes and ponds, fed by freshets and shallow springs, fill every depression. Having no outlet they first stagnate, poisoning the life of the upper world, then dry up, making it impossible for the finny tribes below to live. At length some sort of movement begins, but the streams are sluggish, of uncertain direction, and too feeble to be of much service either in manufacture or commerce. A state of things analogous to this has, in the past, been true of whole counties. Let it no longer be true even of the remotest hamlets. Let every district, however obscure, pour its rill of thought and influence into the educational stream. Thus it will purify the industrial, social, and moral atmosphere of its own region, and contribute its weight toward securing the momentum and direction of the general current.

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But this way of putting the matter is more poetical than definite and clear. What, specifically, are the objects and advantages of a state teachers' association? Having determined these, what shall be the *modus operandi* for securing such objects and advantages, that is to say, what shall be the nature of the organization? It is not our intention to discuss these questions in this issue. We merely mention them that teachers may set themselves thinking. In our next we shall treat at some length the issues involved in such an organization. By this time we trust the question will be a live one. What makes it of immediate importance is the call, by Com. T. B. Lewis, published elsewhere in this issue, of a Territorial convention to meet in Ogden next December 26th, 27th, and 28th, "for the

purpose of organizing a state teachers' association," and transacting other business relating to the schools.

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By the by, there is already a state (or territorial) teachers' organization in existence. During the summer vacation of 1891 such an organization was widely discussed, and at the winter vacation following, representative teachers met in Ogden(?), adopted a constitution and by-laws, and effected an organization. Here are some of the officers: Com. Boreman, president; J. F. Millspaugh, G. H. Brimball, Prof. Page (and others), vice-presidents; Miss Lucy Van Cott, secretary; E. A. Wilson, D. R. Allen, Jos. Peery (and others), executive committee. Is it possible the Commissioner is not aware of this organization? Or does he believe that this first attempt at union of effort has fallen hopelessly into "innocuous desuetude?" The latter is perhaps a fact, whether the Commissioner believes it or knows nothing about it. But we may still pertinently ask: Whose fault is it?

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This question is not answered when you reply that it is the duty of the Commissioner to look after the welfare of such general organizations. Suppose the infant came into the world too soon? Could it then do otherwise than make a feeble squawk and retire into the darkness of non-being? Or granting that its birth was not premature, suppose it was not a comely child, or that it was so deformed as to give no promise of usefulness to the state,—would it not be exposed to die? For whatever of tenderness clings around children of flesh and blood, children of the head must still pass the rigid examination of Spartan law.

However, in respect to the defunct organization, it cuts no figure whether these questions are answered one way or the other, but with regard to the new organization they are most vital questions still. We take it for granted that a state teachers' association *will* be organized. We believe this because it is so easy a matter to organize, though so difficult to organize well. Is the time ripe for it? It would be a most serious criticism upon the profession to reply in the negative. But who, knowing the wide-spread apathy with which the last association was treated, dare answer in the affirmative?

It is the second question, however, that gives cause for real anxiety. Will the association be a theoretical scheme, springing,

mushroom-like, in a single night out of some super-phosphorescent brain, or will it be a practical, composite system made up from a painstaking consideration of the actual needs of the *whole Territory*, and consequently be as hardy and indigenous to the soil as the scrub-oak on our hillsides? If a few heads cut and dry the whole scheme, it will not be the latter. Locke's constitution, though it was the product of the ripest intellect in Europe, was as well fitted for cloudland as for the Carolinas.

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THE JOURNAL most heartily endorses the urgent request of Commissioner Lewis that this convention be representative of the whole Territory. But let there be some order about the matter. A general invitation is too indefinite. But few will respond from remote sections, and so the convention will be packed and controlled by the populous centers. Let each county elect its just quota of representatives,—not more than would be likely to attend,—and let every denominational school also have representation. What ever measures then pass, may have some chance of general acceptance and of permanent usefulness. But let teachers so chosen bear in mind that the trip to Ogden is merely incidental. Their real business is *to think* and see that *their* thought, not some one else's, bears fruit at the convention.

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It is with no little pleasure that we are able to announce that hereafter ten pages of THE JOURNAL will be contributed by Miss M. A. Holton, supervisor of the primary schools in Salt Lake City. Miss Holton is too well known in this Territory to need further introduction. She will be assisted by her ablest teachers, and we can promise the readers of THE JOURNAL that the matter furnished will be a reflex of the very best work done in the schools of Salt Lake City. Miss Holton was to have furnished a paper for the present number but owing to numerous engagements preventing her from preparing it, she substitutes the admirable article on "Manner in Instruction," by Miss Qualtrough.

HISTORY IN THE LOWER GRADES.

One of the essential things for the successful teacher is to determine, as far as lies in her power, what the mind of the child contains when he enters school, that she may relate the new knowledge to the old so closely that a continuous chain is formed.

That the child knows something of geography, science, number, writing, reading and spelling, literature and history, is quite apparent to one who has made any study of young children. While not knowing all this as specific subjects, he knows something of each in its "first intention," as the infant knows light before he names it or even separates it from himself. The child's first notion of geology, botany, mineralogy, etc., comes when he first observes the appearance of the earth's surface immediately surrounding him; of numbers when he discovers he has two hands and many fingers, and that the dog and cat have more feet than tails or ears; of reading, when he notices some person "talking from a book;" of writing, when he realizes that the apparently meaningless marks convey the thoughts of one person to another; of spelling, when he sits down with his picture-book and says, "o, p, o, p, o, p, kitty-cat." He has his first lesson in literature when he sits with his feet tucked up in his little night-dress and listens entranced to the comedy of the cow who jumped over the moon, or the tragedy of "Poor Cock Robin;" and as soon as he listens to the story commencing, "When I was a little boy," he is having his first history lesson. He is beginning to connect past events with himself, to see that occurrences that are not directly of his own experience are of interest.

And it is just here that we begin to teach the child something of definite historical facts. But care must be taken that these facts are related to something in the daily life or personal experience that will give them the reality and vividness that insures genuine interest. The mere presenting of bare facts as such for the child to remember defeats its own purpose. Say nothing about remembering, but try to present the matter in such a way that the child keeps it in mind as easily as he does the story of his father's or grandfather's journey across the plains or over the mountains.

But how shall this be done and what are the facts in history that may be given to the children of the lower grades, are natural and pertinent questions that may arise in the minds of the reader. The child is naturally most interested in that which is most directly connected with himself or his environment, and the history of his

home and the people who lived here before the white people came, easily engages his attention. Pictures and maps are necessary adjuncts to lessons of this sort, also selections from standard literature that may refer to the subject at hand.

Next, may be placed this history of certain holidays, and as being intimately connected with these holidays, the story of the men who helped make the country. With children a little beyond the first readers one can discuss the people of various colonies and the character they gave to the different settlements, the reasons of their coming and their successes and failures.

Much that should be taught depends on references in other lessons and matters of individual interest that may come up; but whatever subject may be presented, one thing should be kept in mind, and that is that there must be a relation of these facts to the child himself, some connection between the event and the pupil.

The Thanksgiving holiday just coming or passed is fresh in the child's mind, and his spoken or unspoken thought may be, "Who began to have Thanksgiving, anyway?" We may anticipate his question a little by asking him to tell what he knows about *this* Thanksgiving, and what seems to be the motive of its observance. A little explanation of the purposes and appointment may be given that the child may be thoroughly familiar with the modern aspect, before introducing to the remoter times and the origin. If we wish to find the cradle of Thanksgiving Day as we know it, we must turn our attention to the eastern coast of Massachusetts, to the little town of Plymouth, nestled in the arm of the bay, and go back two hundred and seventy-five years. There were very few white people in this country then, and they knew nothing of the land they had come to beyond the little strip of sandy soil stretched along the ocean, across which lay their old homes and many dear friends. They were often very sad and lonely, and nearly half the little company that sailed the year before in the ship *Mayflower* had died and were buried in the little enclosure on the hill. But they were brave, true-hearted men and women, who had come to the new country to make their homes where they could worship God in their own way undisturbed by tyrant kings. They were not turned from their purpose by misfortune or disaster, and good Elder Brewster, their minister, spoke truth when he said, "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage or small discontents cause to wish themselves at home again."

During the spring and summer following the first long cold winter the people had put up several houses and a block house or fort where they could secure themselves from the attacks of the Indians. The fort was built on the hill and the one street with its seven log houses with oiled paper for window panes wandered down to the sea that lay clear and blue under the autumn sun. It seemed pleasant now, but the people could easily recall when it grew black and angry and dashed and roared over the sand and rocks, tossing the broken ice to and fro till it lay in heaps along the shore. They could remember how the wind came up from the sea, blowing and hurling the snow and sleet against their one house, sifting it through crack and crevice till it lay in ridges on the floor, freezing the breath of man and beast, and covering their good ship in the harbor with a coat of ice.

The fire was kept burning in the big stone fireplace till the warm spring sun shone again and they knew winter had gone.

And now after a year had gone by, the people had comfortable houses; they had raised a good crop of corn, beans, and pumpkins, which the friendly Indians taught them to plant, also wheat enough for use. The Indians were kind to them, the sick had in many cases, recovered. They were well prepared for the coming winter, and Governor Bradford said to his people, "We shall have a day of thanksgiving and prayer and thank our Heavenly Father for all his mercy and goodness to us."

On the appointed day all the women and girls gathered in Mistress Bradford's kitchen, to prepare and roast the turkeys and venison which the men had brought from the forest, cook great kettles of succotash, bake loaves of brown bread, and stew the pumpkin and cranberry sauce. They had no sugar, but the sauce was very good sweetened with molasses.

When all was under way most of the women put on their better dresses and joined the men in the meeting-house, where Elder Brewster offered a long prayer and preached a Thanksgiving sermon of two hours or more.

When they returned they found that good Mistress Bradford and pretty Priscilla Mullins had spread the long tables with the best linen, had brought out the silver spoons, pitchers, and tankards that had come from old England, and taken the choice china from the chests and shelves. Every dame in the colony had contributed from her store. Priscilla had decorated the tables with branches of bal-

sam, hemlock, and scarlet winter berries, and when the dinner was placed on the table, the company seated themselves on the rude benches brought in from the meeting-house, and the first Thanksgiving dinner in America was eaten.

Just before dinner was served the door opened and a number of dusky savages who had been invited stepped noiselessly in and seated themselves with the others. But the crowning event came when Mistress Bradford brought on the steaming English pudding, that was none the less toothsome because it was made of brown flour and was filled with dried huckle berries instead of raisins. After dinner all gathered around the big fire-place and told stories of the old life in England and Holland, cracked the nuts which the boys had gathered, and popped the corn over the glowing coals, till the nodding heads and sleepy eyes of the youngsters led the mothers to hurry them home and into their beds.

In presenting a subject of this kind to children, the imagination must be appealed to to a great extent. Pictures of early colonial houses, the people and scenes of life in those early days may be most profitably used; anything, in fact, that will aid the child to get a clear mental picture.

A study of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Longfellow, may be taken in this connection, and with the older children a detailed study of men like Governor Bradford and Captain Standish. The aim in all cases should be to give the child a clear notion of the events, and trace as far as possible the effects on our own lives and customs.

The mistake most likely to be made in teaching history in the lower grades, is that the teacher will attempt too much and feel that all interest has gone from a subject when the story has been told *once*. It is with history stories as with other stories for children; often the interest increases with the repeating, and the stories that are best liked are those oftenest told.

ABBIE CALISTA HALE.

MANNER IN INSTRUCTION.

In attempting to say anything regarding the manner of the teacher, I do not wish to comment on the earnestness, brightness, force, suavity, or individuality which may or may not characterize it, but desire to confine myself to one point concerning which little has been written or said but which nevertheless seems most important.

While listening to the instruction given classes by their teachers, I have been struck by the entirely different receptions accorded the instruction.

In the one case there is an utter lack of enthusiasm, pleasure, joyousness. The children, having acquired the thought, are not happy in its acquisition. There is no joyous flash of the eye accompanying the dawn of the new idea. That wonderfully beautiful lighting up of the countenance, that shining of the soul in the face, —which pays, as money never does, which really does make the profession what public speakers in a flow of eloquence are so fond of calling it, but for which few deem the laborer worthy of his hire, — is entirely wanting. The recitation period has been filled with good hard work, as it should be, but has been absolutely joyless, as it should not be.

Having noticed the differing results, I set to work to find the causes or cause. I found teachers producing opposite effects equally earnest, thorough, logical, and forceful, and gradually came to see clearly that the difference lay mainly in one point in the manner of presentation. Now this difference, or rather the effect of this difference, though rather subtle is very powerful, for it appeals to some of the strongest characteristics of human nature.

Both teachers, as I said, are earnest, forceful, logical. The difference lies in this: the one is a dogmatist, the other a discoverer. The one states the premise as an assertion and with the manner, "I say it, therefore it is," and leads, step by step, logically, but always assertively, and always leading, to the conclusion. It is dogma, law laid down for their acceptance, from beginning to end. History shows no other attitude of human nature than that of resistance to dogma, and any instruction which takes that form will be received, if not with sullenness, at least with a lack of joy even though its truth be realized.

The other teacher, at the opening of the recitation, stands with her class upon the shores of a world as unknown to her, from any-

thing her manner would indicate, as to her class; they are going to share the joy of discovery. She is their recognized leader, but does not always do the leading. Any bright-eyed little explorer in the wonderful new field who can lead the class, teacher and all, out of the dense jungle, is permitted to do so and thereby rendered unspeakably happy as well as stronger.

In starting out the teacher does not lay down the premise as an assertion; the class agree upon it, they establish it and they follow up their discovery, sometimes leading, sometimes being led, but always with the happiness of discovery, to the end. If there be any lack of joy to the teacher in the old-new discovery, if I may so word it, she never allows it to appear, and, in truth, I think there is no such lack. Truth, however simple, never grows old, and its recognition never fails to bring to her a thrill of joy even if she were not really finding it anew in the experience of the child before her.

The same spirit of resistance to dogma which sent the martyrs to the stake; the same joy in discovery which has urged on those toilers who have put into the hands of man the hidden treasures of nature, —still burn in the breast of every small Jennie or Tom with whom we have to deal, and they will respond to our touch according to the laws of their nature as inevitably as the needle will turn to the pole.

LIZBETH M. QUALTROUGH,

Principal Hamilton School, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SCHOOL SONGS.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE THINGS.

A very little boy once found an acorn lying on the ground,
Awhile he held it, in his play, then threw it carelessly away.

The winters, summers ran their round, and now on that same spot is found
A sturdy oak, whose branches high, the winter's fiercest storms defy.

The child who threw the acorn there has been a man this many a year;
But though a strong, stout man is he, he never could uproot that tree.

THE MERRY CHILDREN.

See the merry children tripping, tripping to and fro,
 Study hours are over, homeward now they go,
 Peals of merry laughter ringing in the air,
 They are gay and happy with no thought of care.

Rosy cheeks and faces, all so full of life,
 Who could e'er believe they ever thought of strife?
 If the sun is shining, they are light and gay,
 Heedless of the morrow, if it shine today.

Happy little children may you ever be
 Just as merry-hearted, always just as free,
 May your Heavenly Father keep you in His care,
 Bless the merry children, bless them everywhere.

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GOOD ADVICE.

If the world seems cold to you,
 Kindle fires to warm it;
 Let the comfort hide from view
 Winters that deform it;
 Hearts as frozen as your own,
 To that radiance gather;
 You will soon forget to moan:
 "Ah, the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
 Go build houses in it.
 Will it help your loneliness
 On the winds to din it?
 Raise a hut, however slight,
 Weeds and brambles smother.
 And to roof and weal invite
 Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
 Smile till rainbows span it.
 Breathe the love that life endears
 Clear from clouds to fan it.
 Of your gladness lends a gleam
 Unto souls that shiver,
 Show them how dark sorrow's stream
 Blends with hope's bright river.

THE LITTLE ROBIN.

(PRIMARY SONG.)

Two robin red-breasts in a nest,
 Had little robins three;
 The mother bird sat still at home,
 Her mate sang merrily;
 And all the little robins said:
 "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

[REPEAT LAST TWO LINES.]

One day the sun was warm and bright
 All shining in the sky,
 The mother said: "My little ones,
 'Tis time that you should fly,"
 And all the little robins said:
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I knew some little girls and boys,
 And oft it makes me sigh,
 Who, when they're told "do this" or
 "that,"

Inquire, "what for?" or "why?"
 O, how much better if they'd say:
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

HOW TO MAKE THE HECTOGRAPH.

The copyright of this useful invention has now expired, so that teachers can have the means of duplicating their lesson-work at a very trifling cost. Miss Holton, in a recent lecture before the U. C. T. A., exhibited specimens of the splendid work being done in the Salt Lake schools by this process; and as the method is so very simple, every teacher was urged to provide herself with the instrument.

First, have the tinner make a pan 12x16 inches, one-half inch deep, the upper edge turned on a wire. A lid turning on hinges or otherwise, should be provided to keep out the dust. Where a dozen or more are made, they should not cost more than 40 cents each.

To make the pad, buy 4 oz. best white French glue, to which add 5 oz. water (be careful to weigh the water). After twelve hours' soaking set the glue on the back of the stove where it will melt slowly. When it is melted, slowly add 20 oz. glycerine, stirring well. Let the mixture boil ten minutes over a slow fire, then strain through a thin cloth into the hectograph pan. When it has cooled it is ready for use.

NOTE.—It is the glue which gives hardness and the water and glycerine which give softness. The pad is too hard when it will not take off enough ink to make about fifty bright copies, and too soft when its surface peals off in printing. If too hard, melt the pad adding a little water; if too soft, boil till sufficient moisture evaporates. If the directions above given are closely followed there should be no need of either. But in time the pad "wears out" and needs such treatment, and hardness or softness is also somewhat dependent upon temperature.

There are several colors of hectograph ink now on the market. For fancy drawing you may need a variety on the same design. But where only one color is used the most satisfactory is purple. There is a recipe for making this ink, but you will do better to buy it, unless you wish to go into the business of manufacturing inks.

Write with a coarse pen and write slowly, giving the ink time to flow. Use only well glazed paper for the original copy, as your purpose is to transfer all the ink possible to the pad. When the copy is dry, invert it upon the pad and press softly for about one minute. You may then proceed to print by the same process.

When you are done printing, wash the remaining ink off with a well soaped sponge, and in a short time the pad is ready for a new copy.

Moistening the surface of the pad with a sponge facilitates printing, making the copies more vivid. If you are busy, set your pupils at work printing. Children love to do such work.

THE IDEAL RECITATION.

[Subject of Miss Holton's Lecture before the U. C. T. A., Nov. 23, 1895.]

"Much that we say in our lessons will be forgotten, but let us so arrange them that the chief points will stand out forever in the memory like Alpine peaks above a bed of clouds."

1. It must be complete in itself.
 2. It must be one link of a chain, and as strong as any other link.
 3. It must be joined to what has gone before.
 4. Characteristics of an ideal recitation: (a) A definite point. (b) logical, (c) clear, (d) thorough, (e) interesting, (f) something taught.
 5. Parts of an ideal recitation: (a) Introduction, (b) middle part, (c) ending.
 6. Each part should stand out clearly.
 7. Ideal recitations should be connected with the previous life of the children, and with their previous knowledge.
 8. Ideal recitations must lead to the world of books.
 9. Ideal recitations must have important parts, and those parts must be clearly emphasized.
 10. Results of an ideal recitation: (a) An increased desire to learn. (b) Increased intellectual power. (c) An increase of organized knowledge.
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Little Rastus was reading aloud for the edification of the rest of the family from his book of fairy tales. He began:

"Once there was a flock of chickens, which wandered after dark into a watermelon patch—"

"See heah, boy!" his father interrupted, "when de preacher comes nex' Sunday I gwine ask heem ef dem words is really dar, an' ef you des ben makin' dat up fer to tantalize me, I gwine dust yo' jacket twell yo' tongue hang out!"

BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY NOTES.

All the teachers-in-training belong to the class of '97, and one of them has been appointed regular teacher of grade seden.

Prof. Wolfe secured three new species of plants in his summer trip to the Grand Canyon. These were sent East for determination, and their new names are not yet announced.

The students of general history A have completed the first half of Myer's general history and have passed the semi-semester examination. They are now commencing the study of mediaeval history.

Dr. Hardy's students in physiology are doing an excellent work. The subject aside from its scientific presentation is rendered eminently practical, which accounts for the deep and continuously increasing interest manifested by the entire class.

The students of general history C have prepared essays on "Three Great Popes." The work of Gregory, Nicholas, and Hildebrand in relation to political and ecclesiastical history has been carefully considered, and the next subject for discussion is "The Crusades."

If any student desires to attain to, or rival the wisdom of Socrates, let him enter one of Prof. Lyman's mathematical classes, where he will soon be glad to conclude that he knows nothing, while perhaps there are many others in the school who do not know even that.

The Academy is offering four courses in English literature this semester. The students in the English classic course are studying Irving's "Tales of a Traveler." The class in the history of literature have just finished reading Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." The normal class is considering Holme's historical poems with the view of introducing them into the grades. The class in Chaucer is reading the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales."

The students in English C are full of enthusiasm over composition work. It bubbled over Monday, October 28, in the form of a contest in oral narratives. The lady members of the class challenged the gentlemen. There were five original stories on each side, and some of them exhibited no little talent. Three points were taken into account by the judges, personal bearing, composition, and delivery. The ladies won, 86 against 83 per cent.

'97 Students' Hypothetical Argument—If the class of '97 is the evergreen tree of the Academy, then the Academy relies on the class of '97 for strength, for beauty, and for continuity. But the class of '97 is the evergreen tree of the Academy. Therefore,—but modesty forbids us from drawing a conclusion. [Here is a disjunctive syllogism. Will some member of the '97 class arise and explain what is wrong with it. The class of '97 chose the motto "Evergreen," either out of an innate sense that the members will exhibit in the future as now a perpetual verdancy, or from a profound conviction that the class is destined to become famous. Now it becomes plainer every day that the class will never attain to fame. Therefore,—Z is X.—ED.]

SCHOOL NOTES.

Prof. N. L. Nelson of the B. Y. Academy, lectured before the U. C. T. A., Saturday, November 23, on the "Critic and Criticism."

The black-board stories in the Provo schools for the past week have been early history of America. Special attention being given the Pilgrims and the Mayflower.

The school regulations of Utah county permit teachers one day in each half year to visit schools. Monday, November 18th, the Payson teachers visited the Provo schools.

Were it not for the educational facilities offered by the denominational schools in Provo, the daily attendance, as compared with the number of children of school age, would be regrettably low.

Salt Lake City, being a city of the first-class, has two members of the school board from each municipal ward, one member thereof being elected each year. This year there is some difficulty, by reason of politics entering into the question. Each party is willing to have a non-partisan board, with the proviso, that members of their respective parties are to control the same. The chances now are that candidates to be voted for will be strictly party men.

At the Teachers' Institute, held in the Parker school, November 9th, Miss Holton continued her lecture on "Science." For fall work she suggested that we take animals, their winter protection, in the form of home and food. Make fall work a stepping stone to our work in the spring. Take animals and also the insects of this locality, making a general list of each. A very logical outline for "frog work in the spring" was given. She urged teachers to be original. Said we could begin science work *any where*. Only make a beginning and then work from it. Write a plan before the lesson. Have it definite.

The executive committee of the National Educational Committee met in Chicago, November, 23, for the purpose of choosing a place for the 1896 meeting of the organization. Invitations from Boston, Los Angeles, Buffalo and Duluth were considered. The committee was unanimous in selecting Boston, provided certain time limits on tickets would be made by the railroads entering that city. The roads declined to grant the demands of the committee, and Buffalo was then provisionally selected. If the request of the association for side trip rates and extension of time limits on tickets are not granted by the lines in the Central Traffic and Trunk Line Associations before December 20, it is likely that some other city than Buffalo will be chosen.

At the University club Saturday evening, November 1, Prof. Whiting of the University, gave an able discourse upon "Evolution." Dr. Whiting is certainly an interesting speaker, and displayed a commendable familiarity with his subject. After the address, a discussion followed. Quite a num-

ber engaged in a running comment upon the salient points brought out. The lecture was introduced by the statement that since civilization began man has been interested in the problem of the origin of the world and of organic nature, of which he forms a part. The ancient solutions of the problem, the hypothesis that from eternity all had been much as we find it today and creation as pictured by Milton, were both discussed, and the weak points of both were shown. The modern solutions of the problem were then stated, and the rest of the lecture was devoted to a brief but comprehensive presentation of the philosophy of evolution. The first topic discussed was the question: What is meant by evolution? The fact that the popular conception of evolution is not even a good parody on the naturalist's thought was forcibly expressed. The facts in support of the theory of evolution were drawn from palaeontology, animal forms, embryology, rudimentary organs, the living intermediate forms, and the observed variation of living animals. The principal factors of evolution, viz., natural selection, use and disuse of organs, sexual selection and environment were all briefly presented. In conclusion it was insisted that the philosophy of evolution did not conflict with the idea of God or of the creation by God. Once the thought was: Creation or evolution; now the thought is, Creation by evolution.

OGDEN, UTAH, NOV. 25, 1895.

DEAR SIR:—I have appointed the 26th, 27th, and 28th days of December as the time, and Ogden, Utah, as the place for the holding of a convention of the teachers of the Territory of Utah for the purpose of organizing a state teachers' association and for the rendition of a programme of exercises, arranged by the committee herein appointed. I desire that you attend and that you urge the attendance of every teacher in your county.

Superintendent Allison, of Ogden, will act as the chairman of the executive committee, and the entire corps of Ogden's teachers have courteously volunteered to act as a reception committee, so that every visitor will be courteously and thoughtfully looked after.

I am anxious that this convention be so marked a success that it will be a forecast of the future. As we build let us lay the foundation.

I have appointed the following committees and earnestly solicit for them the support of the teachers of the state:

Programme—Dr. J. F. Millsbaugh, Salt Lake City; Superintendent William Allison, Ogden; Oscar Van Cott, Salt Lake county; Superintendent D. H. Christensen, Utah county; Supt. Mosiah Hall, Weber county.

Advisory—Dr. James E. Talmage, Dr. John R. Park, Prof. J. H. Paul. The Commissioner will act with any and all committees as an ex-officio member.

Special rates have been promised over the several railroads by the courteous, education-promoting officials.

The first meeting will convene on the 26th of December at 2 o'clock p. m., in the auditorium of the M. E. church. For further information address the Commissioner or any member of the advisory committee. Respectfully,

T. B. LEWIS, Commissioner.